# Week.



THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

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as a second Sindbad, on the strength of a moderate acquaintance with the majority of the countries which figure on the tourist's visiting list. Moreover, my listener had himself provoked my communicativeness by a series of searching questions upon every point of my personal history, from the color of my grandfather's hair to the amount of pocket-money allowed me at Rugby. Consequently, there was, perhaps, a shade of acrimony in my tone as I replied: "I've done what I could; but, of course everybody can't have as many adventures as yen."

but, of course everybody can't have as many advertures as yeu."

"Wal, yu air about right thar," returned he, taking my words literally; "I've seen a few things in my time, I reckou; but, mark ye, it's 'cause I've looked about me, and fixed for doin' somethin' wharever I went, 'stead o' trailin' about with my eyes shet and my hands in the pocket's o' my panteys, like some folks. Now, I'll tell yn how yn Britishers travel; yn jest foller the railway track right square from one big town to another, and see the opera-houses and the thenyters, and the promenades, and sich like; and o' course yu meet a heap o' riffriff, and may hap get ynne eye teeth drawn a little too slick; and a'ter devotin' three weeks or a month to see in' a country with some millions o' people in it, yn come back and write a tarnation big beak to say that air country ain't no great pile o' pun-

ALSERTE. 5

TROY, KANSAS, THURS are not as the control of the late of of the late

him some day or not."

"How's that?" asked I, not without a secret shudder, and a slight anxiety as to which way the scale had turned with regard to myself.

"Wal, jest this way: whenever I meet a man that I'm bound to rub out bimeby, the hammer o't his revolver's sure to give a sorter click—so— jest to show that he knows his dooty 'spectin' that air individooal; and he never makes a mistake, he don't."

The perfect air of conviction with which he said this was the reverse of agreeable; a pretty thing if this precious pistol should have happened to click when he saw me fifst, and he should think it necessary to vindicate its infallibility! My countenance probably expressed some disquittions by observing, in an encouraging tone:

"Ya hain't no call to be skeen, slanger; ne didn't click at sight o'yn, and I am kinder glad on't, for yn're good kumnny in yne way, although yn air tarnation green in the ways o' the world."

As this estimate of abilities was evidently too deeply rooted to admit of refutation, I let it pass, merely inquiring whether the fa'al angury had ever proved false.

"Never, stranger," he replied, emphatically. "Yu can't expect prophecy to go wrong, and that air weepun's a prophet jest as much as Dan't or Zck'l. I won't say that I wouldn't hev been glad, one time, to catch him slippin'—and reezun good tew; but you mout as well expect Gin'ral Grant

shap gel yune een teeth drawn a little too slick; in a country with some millions o' people in it, yu come back and write a tarnation high book to say that air country sin't no great pine o' punk in alver all; the critters that air all lary and the likes—and no work that air to cheat and tell likes—and no work that air to cheat and tell likes—and no work in alver all the critters, and hairly got the inestimable blessin' o' a free British consistention. That, now, stranger, be concluded, with the paternal superisettly of a missionary instructing a Hottentot, which is the right way, nobow ye kin in it. "And how did you go to work, then," asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extent the right way, nobow ye kin in it." "And how did you go to work, then," asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extent the right way, nobow ye kin in it." "And how did you go to work, then," asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extent the right way, nobow ye kin in it." "And how did you go to work, then," asked I, wishing to divert the current of this flood of extent the lique Coeun, a store-keeper at Shanghal, a newspaper editor at San Francisky, and an agen's for entition or another in every control of the state of t

white breakers flung.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, when you and
I were young.

The first number of the New York Herald was not much larger than a sheet of large foolscap, its retail price one cent, and its total cost may have been \$50 for the first two thousand copies. It contained no costly telegrams—for if its publisher had been a Crusus be could have found no wire. In six weeks the Berald boasted of a daily er had been a Crossus he could have found no wire. In six weeks the Berald boasted of a daily circulation of seven thousand copies. Then came a pause in its career, the great fire of the 12th of August, consuming its material and effecting a sudden dissolution of the partnership of Bennett, Anderson & Smith. By no means discouraged, Mr. Bennett cast about for means wherewith to resume, and in this he was successful, leasing a new office at No. 202 Broadway, and sending therefrom, on the 31st of August, the enlarged Herald, which he Fromised to continue until it reached the fabulous circulation of twenty-five thousand copies a day. On the 30th of January following, by publishing an account of his own eastigation by James Watson Webb, Mr. Bennett circulated nine thousand copies of the Herald. In April, 1836, the princely receipts of the Herald. In April, 1836, the princely receipts of the Herald. In April, 1836, the princely receipts of the paper was raised to two cents per copy. At the close of that year Mr. Bennett summed up in an editorial article as follows:

"I have been opposed and caluminated by the whole newspaper press, ridicaled, contemued, threatened; yet here I am, at the end of fifteen months, with an establishment, the materials of his in the contemued, the materials of the contemued, the materials of the materials of the contemued, the contemued, the contemued, the contemued, the contemued, the contemued the

"I have been opposed and caluminated by the whole newspaper press, ridicaled, contemned, threatened; yet here I am, at the end of lifteen months, with an establishment, the materials of which are nearly worth \$60,000, nearly all paid for, and a prospect of making the Herald yield, in two years, a revenue of at least \$80,000 a year."

A sensible improvement in the character of the Herald was noticed in its columns after the introduction of Mr. Prederick Hudson, of Boston, as Mr. Bennett's assistant, and subsequently his managing editor. The Herald's later career of uninterpated prosperity is too well known to require minute detail in this hurried sketch. In the summer of 1840, Mr. Bennett married Miss Heurietta Crean. In 1841, having achieved an income of \$100,000 a year, he offered to print daily reports of the proceedings of Congress, without charge to that body, if the members would admit his reporters of the follos, the Isletingence, and the Madissaina—journals to which Congress was paying \$400,000 a year. It was the entering wedge which in time opened both houses to the press of the country, and reduced the Washington drilles to second or third rank in the newspaper world. For, soon after the New York journals began to print daily reports of the substance of the doings and sayings of Congress, the public chose the New York supposes of what was really said and done rather than the Washington reports, rerbains, and cooked up to sait the afterior to the press of the country. He readily selected the marble edifice which, but for his obstinces, might have rivalled the splentid barriers which show, after he had forgotten his quarred with the great showman, Mr. Bennett became richer and richer until Alderman Stoneal's politicians rated him at \$10,000,000; then everybody knows flow Mr. Bennett became richer and richer until Alderman Stoneal's politicians rated him at \$10,000,000; then everybody knows flow Mr. Bennett became richer and richer until Alderman Stoneal's politicians rated him at \$10,000,000; then everyb

ing palace which overshadows it.

Mr. Levy, a blind Englishman, asserts that he can not only tell when he is opposite a solid body, but "can discriminate whether it is tell or short, slender or bulky." If a fence, he can tell whether it is open like a board or a rail fence, or closed, whether it is of stone or wood, or a close hedge. Another blind man could fell when thick clouds obscured the horizon. Mr. Levy calls this "Facial preception," as covering his face with a thick veil entirely obscures objects from this sensational discernment.

The Chicago Times says that woman's sphere is that of wet nurse.

# EXPLORING THE TERRITORIES. A Great Work Caried on by the Govern A Body of Experienced Scientists So ing the Western Country New Discuand Unrial and Interesting Berrious Expected from Utah, Montana and Co

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1872.

CAMP U. S. SEOLOGICAL SURVEY, NEAR OGDEN, UTAR, June 19, 1872.

CAMP U. S. SEOLOGICAL SURVEY,
NEAR OGDEN, UTAR, June 19, 1872.

There is a great work carried on under the
Department of the Interior, which hitherto has
attracted but little attention outside of the scientific world. I refer to the geological surveys of
the Territories, which for many years have been
made under the direction of Professor Hayden,
the United States Geologist. But as the great
belts of railroad span our country, the utility of
these explorations has been brought before the
general public through the reports containing so
much information regarding the mineral and
agricultural resources of the country. The survey is not confined to geological investigations
alone, but embraces all branches of natural knowledge, the formation of the earli's crust, the flora
of the region through which we pass, its richness
in coal, iron or the minerals. Besides large collections of mammals, fishes, reptiles, insects (particular attention being given to those destructive
of vegetation) are made by those of the party
making a special study of these branches of natural history. An efficient corps of topographera
are attached to the expedition to make both
geological and topographical maps of the country, and as we pass through a country this year
hitherto unexplored—the land of the Tetous—
peaks of the Rocky mountains that can be seen
for three hundred miles, by fixing on these as points
of observation, they will be enabled to take the
topography of a vast area of country. Our camp
is at present pitched on a pleasant platean, about
eight miles from Salt Lake, and our iththyologist
and botanist have already dispelled the idea of
this inland body of water being a "dead sea,"
by having obtained quantities of piscal and
botanical life from its waters. Since our arrival
we have been busy drawing supplies from Fort
Douglas and in organizing the party. This is no
small undertaking, but all runs samoothly under
the experienced direction of Mr. Stevenson, the
general manager.

THE PARTY WILL BE DIVIDED

into two sections for the summer work. The first will proceed to Fost Ellis, Montana Territory, a distance of 500 miles. From this point they will explore the valleys of the Madison and Gallatin rivers to their sources, also the headwaters of the Yellowstone, the main object being to survey as far as practicable the most important water-shed on the continent—far in this region, within a radius of fifty miles, may be found the sources of three of the largest rivers in our country. Here Snake river takes its rise and empties into the Pacific by the Columbia. Here, too, Green river first appears, which, uniting with the Grand, forms the Colorado and empties into the Gulf of California. Here also is the source of the Yellowstone, which, after coursing throughour continent under the names of the Missouri and Mississippi, finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico. This will be one of the most important topographical surveys ever made, for no accurate map has ever been made of the sources of these rivers, or the great peaks lying among them ever definitely located. THE PARTY WILL BE DIVIDED

SECTION NUMBER ONE. This section is composed of Dr. Hayden, in charge; Mr. Beckler, topographer; Messrs. Gannet and Walsefield, anstronomers; Mr. Logan, Secretary; Mr. Holmes, agist; Dr. Peale, mineralogist, Mr. Savage, assistant geologist, and Messrs. Platt and Greve, general assistants.

SECTION NUMBER TWO, The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, since you and I were young.

Cuoux.—But now we are aged and gray, Maggie, And the trials of life nearly done, Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, Since you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie, where the young, and the best, In polished white mansions above, Maggie, have each found a place of rest.

Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, and join in the songs that were sung—

SECTION, XUMBER TWO,

the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the section, will be under the charge of the section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the section, will be under the charge of the largest section, will be under the charge of the section, will be under the chargest section, will be under the largest section, will be under the largest section, will be under the chargest section, will be under the largest section, will be under the largest section, will be under the la there is the necessary complement of teamsters, cooks, hunters, and men of all work. This party will march through Northern Utah and Idaho Territories to Fort Hall, where the wagons, tents, &c., will be abandoned, and the pack train resor-

THE ROUTE

THE ROUTE

will then be continued up the valley of Snake river, thus approaching the Tetons from the south. The passage of these peaks is to be forced so as to meet the other section of the expedition on the northern side, and thus unite the survey. This route was attempted by Colonel Reynolds, of the United States engineers, in 1800, but losing several men and horses, together with his provisious, in endeavoring to cross Snake river, he was obliged to return without accomplishing his purpose. If we succeed in effecting a junction with our comrades, we shall return by parallel belts, and thus cover a large area of country. It will be seen that this section is strong in collectors of natural history; the country through which we march is very mountainous and wild in character, and we hope to discover many new species in the various branches. All the collections are revised by emineut scientists in the East, and their special reports appended to the general one by Dr. Hayden.

will include also a part of our "National Park," the scene of our labors of last year, and since reserved by Congress to be a public pleasure ground for travel and recreation. This was considered necessary to preserve the Geysers, mineral formations and other beautiful physical phenomena of a fragile nature. It is a grand idea—a "National Park" of 3,000 square miles, containing some of the finest scenery in the world, sogether with the Yellowstone Falls, 350 feet high. This was done at the recommendation of Professor Hayden, and was a worthy recognition of his energy in exploring that country last summer. I shall report our doings when we reach Fort Hall.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S maxim, "Never awap horses while crossing the stream," has been found in the 6th book, 3d chap, 21st sec., of the Cyclopedia. Cyrus, in directing his troops to take up their several stations, says: "Omos de tos agonos onios oudeni armati kairos tous ignous metacongunani."

When the contest is about to begin, there is no longer time for any chariot to unyoke the horses for a change."—Portland Advertiser.

TRY IT.—When, from sedentary habita, the muscles are emeriated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BT BLIEA COOK. Twas the very merry Summer time,
That garlands hills and della.
And the south wind rang a fairy chime
Upon the forgiove belis;
The cuckno stood on the lifty birch.
To bid her a last good-bye;
The lark aprung over the village church,
And whistled in the sky;
And we had come from the harvest sheav
A blitthe and tawny train,
And traced our path with poppy leaves,
Along the old green lane.

Twas a pleasant way, on a amony day,
And we were a happy set,
As we idly bent where the streamlet went,
To get our fingers wet;
With the dog-rose here and the orchis there,
And the woodbine twining through;
With the broad trees meeting every where,
And the grass still damp with dew.
Ah! we all forgot, in that blindful spot,
The names of care and pain,
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh,
As I think of that rich hour.
When my heart, in ric give, but seemed to be
Another woodside flower:
For though the trees be still as fair,
And the wild bloom still as gay—
Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
And heaven as bright a day;
Yet the merry set are far and wide,
And we never shall meet again—
We shall never ramble side by side,
Along the old green lane.

[From the Bockbridge (Va.) Citizen.]
BIG POOT WALLACE, THE TEXAN
BANGER.

This famous Texan fighter, hunter and ranger, known throughout the length and breadth of our Sonthern country, arrived here last Thursday morning on a visit to his friends. Since he left here, in 1836, he has ranged every nook and corner of the Lone Star State, from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and from the Gulf over El Llauso Estricade—through New Mexico, Arizona, California—through the Mexican States of Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila—been among Comanches, Lipans, and "Greasers"—slept under the walls of Monterey while "Old Zach's" canon thundered—with his trusty rifle he has brought down scores of Buffaloes, lions, panthers and wolves—has ridden a mustang a hundred miles a day for a week, and made many a hearty meal of mule steak. Although he has been through many hardships and perils, still his brouzed face is lit by a bright, keen eye, his step firm and carriage erect.

Perhaps a short sketch of his life may not be devoid of interest to our readers.

William Anderson Wallace, third son of Andrew and Jane Blair Wallace, was born in the house pare covered by Wan P. A. Wallace wides of the

devoid of interest to our readers.

William Anderson Wallace, third son of Andrew and Jane Blair Wallace, was born in the house now owned by Mrs. P. A. Wallace, widow of Andrew Wallace, a younger brother, in the year 1816. This old homestead has been in possession of the family—descending from father to son—for more than half a century. In the early days of the settlement, tradition says, so frequent were the incursions of the Shawnees, that his Scotch-Irish ancestors never ventured to forest, field, or church without the rifle. Two of his grand uncles—Adam and Andrew—were captains in the "Continental line" during the revolution. Andrew was killed at the battle of the Waxhaws, in South Carolina, and Adam left wounded on the field at Guilford, and was butchered by Tarleton's troopers. A sword, with the name of Adam Wallace engraved on the blade, is still in possession of the family. Of course "Big Foot" grew from a baby to a boy; went to school to "old Tidd,"—peace to his ashes—as did some other Nimrods in our midst—and from a boy to a stalwart youth—worked on a farm and played all sorts of wild pranks. But this monotonous life was soon to be broken. His oldest brother Samuel emigrated to Texas during the struggle for independence, and fell a victim to Mexican treachery, along with the lamented Colonel Fannin, at Goliad. Sodeep an impression had this tragic event made upon him, that he turned a deaf car to the entreaties of his friends, and left for Texas. He was at the battle of Salado, when the Mexicans there General Wool invaded Texas in 1842. Shortly after he joined the Meir expedition under General Green, was captured.

We forgot to note a little incident that took place here some time ago, that was well worthy of record, illustrating California youth and life. Two boys, aged respectively 12 and 14 years, sons W. E. Foster, of the Montecito, and R. R. Hall, of the Ojal ranche, were out in the mountains on horseback, looking for their cowa, when they discovered a young grizzly bear foddling along in the trail. They had been long enough here to know the danger of trying to eatch the little fellow, the ferocions dam rarely being layona the cries of her young. But the temptation was too strong for youthful indiscretion, and keeping an eye upon the varmint, they began hallooing, and finally being convinced that the old one was not near, they rode up to him, and with the dexterity of old Vaqueros, quickly succeeded in fastening the lariat about his neck, and took him safely home. It was a feat as dangerous as daring, and a sport that old hunters would not care to indulge in unless exceedingly well mounted.

The best woman's rights item we have seen comes from France. A very beautiful lady of the Die Vernon type, living at Boulogne, sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had twice concerned himself with her private affairs. A formal acceptance of the duel was returned, the choice of the arms was waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed, and the welding trip is to the United States.

Ir is related that when the late Gov. Bigler, It is related that when the late Gov. Bigler, of California, was minister to Chili, he procured a situation for Harry Meiga, the latter being then under ban and an exile from California. This friendly act was remembered by the now South American railroad king and millionaire, and less than a year since the governor received a check that enabled him to purchase the comfortable homestead in San Francisco in which his last breath was drawn.

MOTHER GOOSE is not an imaginary person. She was the mother-in-law of a printer in Boston, Mass., and her real name was Elizabeth Goose. The first editior of her well-known rhymes was sold for two coppers on Devonshire street.

MR. DANIEL DREW states, upon his verseity as a reputable member of society and speculator in stocks, that never in his life has be charged or received more than 7 per cent. for the use of

[From the Toledo Blade.] THE NASBY LETTERS

has a Fearful Bream, in he Sees Many Things.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY.)

I don't know what is the matter with me; but

(Wich is in the State by Kenticek.)

Joon 22, 1872.)

I don't know what is the matter with me; but uv late I dreem more regiarly and more feroshusly than I ever did ja my life. I hev hed a successhun uv nitemares ever sence I give in my adheshen to Greeley, some uv wich waz stupenjusly friteful. I go to bed with Greeley on my mind, and dreem dreems so horrible that I awake with cold swets outo me, and shivrin ez tho I hed the ague. Nite afore last, Greeley appeared to me with hoofs, horns, and a tale. He perched hisself on my stamick, squattin like a hidjus toad, and puttin on his spectacles, deliberately red me from a old copy uv the Tribos, six yards uv his own editorials on the slavery questiod. He finally sailed off throo the air, shreekin, "Lost! Lost!" Whether he referred to me or hisself ez "Lost," I reely don't know. Ef he felt ez mean in my company ex I did in hizzen, the remark wood embrace both uv us.

Last nite I hed another friteful vishun. We hev a fam'ly in the village wich don't live in harmony. The husshand got intoxicated some years ago, and knowin that it isn't the gittin drunk that hurts a man, but the gittin sober, her dodged that trouble by stayin drunk. His principal amnosement is whalin his wife. The nevelty nv this bein wore off, yisterday mornin, he give her a couple uv ounces uv arsenic. Vaultin ambishen o'erleaped herself—his excessive liberality defeated his purpus. The dose waz too big—it sickened her—she vomited and lived, and whaled him within a inch of his life. I wuz at the house, and late in the eveniu left, stoppin at Deckin Pogram's, wher we took a giuooine Kentucky tea, wich consisted principally av korn whisky and cold biled pork. From thence I went home and retired, with my hed full uv the pisen, and Greeley, mixed in about ekal proporshens. Fallin asleep, I dreemed.

Methawt I wuz in a bildin, wher, I coodent make out. Stretched out onto a couch, and kivered with a flag, wuz the body uv a enormus giant—the most huge and comprehensive giant I hed ever seed, even in dreems

men, he because detached from his regiment.

do, when the Mexicans under General Wool invaried Texas in 1882. Shortly after he joined the
Meir expedition under General Green, was an
Meir expedition under General Green, was
Meir expedition under General Green
Meir expedition under General Genera

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—Mr. D. Frank Powell, the chemist in Dr. Ish's store, on Farnham stress, has in his possession the petrified hock bone of a horse's leg, which was found by one of the escort of Professor Marsh. The bone was found in a ravine near the Loup Fork, one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ground. What makes this piece of petrified bone more interesting, is the fact that it is four times as large as are the similar bones of the borses of to-day, and must have belonged to a mammoth animal. Every protuberance on the bone is as perfect, and the whole shape has been as fully retained as if it came from the horse but a day ago. Prof. Marsh gave it as his opinion that the bone was millions of years of age. It was presented to Mr. Powell by the man who first discovered it. It may be seen at Dr. Ish's store.—Omake Bee.

FROM a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, Sebastopol has become a shattered, rained, filthy place of five thousand; and can who estimate the cast, not in treasure, but in blood and tears, by which the change was effected? It stands to-day but a relic of its former greatness, a battered, rained, hecken memorial of the most stubborn defense ever recorded, of the most destructive bombardment ever suffered—a testimony to the mblimamulishness of the Russian soldier, of whom Napoleon I, said: "It is not enough to kill him; you must besides knock himdown."-Cor. N. F. Herald.

A Tourouse priest has published a book in which he tells us that "the world will come to an end in the year 1921, 9 months, 13 days, 3 minutes, 31 seconds, plus 13 times the seventeenth part of a recond after the creation of Adam; which means in the month of July, 13th day, at 3 minutes, 31 13-17 of a second past 7 o'clock in the morning, of the year 1921 of the Christian era." Now, if you are not ready on the very dot, you can blame nobody but yourself.

THE OLD CLOCK.

As in my old stm-chair I sit,
I mark the clock's loud beating.
With our that gladly would forget.
How swidtly time is fleeting.
Of all who knew its busy tongue,
I think, with inward shiver.
Bow some are dead, and some are field,
Ab! God alone knows whither!

Beat on, beat on, thou charmed clock, And tell my childhood's atory. The long closed gates of time unlock, Life's happy morn restors me! Give me to hear my mother's voice, To feel her sweet careasing: And bid my heart once slove rejoice Beneath a father's bleasing.

Beat softly, softly, gentle clock,
For see, within my chamber,
A little fay has come to play,
And on my knees to clamber.
Two tiny arms my bosom span,
Two lips for kisses buttle;
A voice—what tones of living man
Can stir me like its prattle t

Beat on, beat on, thou charmed clock, Though sorrows thicken o'er me; For be! my transmed eye to mock, My be be not, is not here, Alt, no! be not, is not here, And minutes valid fee on; Pour sailor lad! his bones are laid At burning Sierre Leune!

Remorseless Time! how solemn wave
Thy gloomy wings above me!
Confd at thou not spare her golden hair,
My geatle wife to hove me!
Confd at thou not leave me one to bind
The streaming wounds of sorrow!
Shall I no balm or comfort find
To-day, nor yet to morrow!

Bent on, beat on, thou charmed clock,
Thy tame that's never ended!
While to my loral strange fancies flock,
But dinly comprehended;
While living, dead, and things unknown,
I view in wild confusion.
Thy voice of surnest, solumn tone,
Gives life to my delindon.

----[From the National Republican.] A STORY OF MR. WILSON.

in about ekal proporshens. Fallin asleep, I dreemed.

Methawt I wuz in a bildin, wher, I coodent make out. Stretched out onto a couch, and kivered with a flag, wuz the body uv a enormost performed in the strength of the beams, and his hands spred out like the map uv our wants happy hand bed ever seed, even in dreems. His legs wuz like beams, and his hands spred out like the map uv our wants happy hand to wo opprest country. He seemed to be in the last stages uv a feerful sickness. He had bin, his day, a giant uv immense strength, and wuz, even in his illness, ex handsom a human bein at I ever sot eyes onto. But it wuz evident that he waz goin fast. He drawd his breth painfull, and from ugly wounds on his body, blood cozed slowly but depletinly.

"Who is he!" I askt uv the Goddess uv Liberty, who sot at his hed in deep mournin, and weepin viciently.

"That's Republikinism," she ansered; "the only actooal, ginuine frend I ever hed—the only one who reely stood by me. But they are killih him. That gash in his back Chase give him; that stab is in iristates bin, he caught from the Blares; and—good Heven' here comes another squad uv his soir ritates bin, he caught from the Blares; and—good Heven' here comes another squad uv his soir ritates bin, he caught from the Blares; and—good Heven' here comes another squad uv his instant and final shadder.

"Yoo've killed him" shreeked the Goddess.

"We bleeve we hev, madam" shouted the fellow of perparation for departing. Wis father entering the factory and demanding his father; and shadder and he goddess and here will be son to return home that night, and left the faces ma le uv Noo York Fribosos, but I know him. The victim shaddered et he warelered it, et the it with his hast and final shadder.

"Yoo've killed him" shreeked the Goddess.

"Ke bleeve we hev, madam" shouted the fellow, in killing the complexity, and began his preparation for departing. Wis father entering the factory and demanding his follow in the stream of the properties of the beyond his preparation for depar

THERE occurred recently near Algoria, It very strange freak of lightning. It endore house at the bottom and made a total was everything in it except the family of six ps who, strange to say, all escaped without it Even the lampburners were torn to please house was spread apart so that the rafter through, and the very beds in which the it were sleeping were torn to places.